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AT INTERVALS

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE AND PRINCIPATE OF
THE EMPEROR NERO

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BY

BERNARD W. HENDERSON

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Time it were surely fit to use
Fresh learning to achieve,
A Muse, a rude and sorry Muse,
Impenitent doth thieve.

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THE LECTURE

IT was an anthropologist
That came from busy Town
To lecture on Exogamie
To comrades choice and spirits free
Emancipate from nicetie,
Staid brethren of the Gown.

It was an anthropologist
Whose countenance did fall.
"For how do I possess," quoth he,
"Or voice, or breath, or energie
To lecture on Exogamie
In this too spacious Hall?"

It was an anthropologist
That shocked the Ladie fair,
Who sped to College, open free
That Undergraduates and she
The lecture on Exogamie
With common joy might share.

It was an anthropologist,
Because he really must,

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For weary minutes twenty-three
That lectured on Exogamie,
Until at length in boredom he
Retired in disgust.

It was an anthropologist
That fled, deplored by none,
Leaving an Universitie
Cured of that longing of Follie
For lecture on Exogamie,
Ended ere 'twas begun.

It was an anthropologist
That vanished in a huff.
And all men said, who'd been to see,
With striking Unanimitie,
"This savage Anthropologie
Is very sorry stuff."

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SEPTEMREMIGES EXONIENSES

February 13, 1903

O FALLACY Sorites!
To think thou shouldst intrude
On Isis' calm untroubled stream,
Where logic should be but a dream,
Disturbing not a scene so rife
With stern realities of life
And coaches' language rude!

They gripped the oars; the rosin
Passed down from bow to stern;
The lemon, bitter as of yore,
The smoky cannon's thunderous roar,
All confidence heroic lent
Eight stalwart mariners, intent
Undying fame to earn.

O Muse, that sittest idly,
Careless of deeds renowned,
Awake! For catastrophic Fate
Smiles grimly on that gallant Eight

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Th' exultant start, the rapid stroke,
Malignant Nemesis provoke,
As the swift oar chops round.

Thermopylae and Cannae!
All names that soar to Heaven!
Drake, Howard, or Themistocles!
Waft to the worlds that list, O breeze,
The tale of Stroke, who bore that blow
Undaunted, and the Forty-two
So stoutly set by Seven!

O Fallacy Sorites,
That think'st on us to fix
Remorseless logic!—if the crew
Lose one (and not the least) of few,
Yet wrench of Victory the prize
(Nor friendly foe applause denies),
Could they have bumped with six?

Nay! vanish, lying Logic!
And list ye, all good folk!
Those oarsmen eight the morrow's sun
Shall crown with guerdon earlier won.
The quicker triumph in the fray,
The speedier cheering, shall display
How they had missed their Stroke.

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RIXAE INFELICES

Cantant Tutores

WE the morning devote to inquiries remote, such as uses of μή and of οὐ,
Or with infinite pain we attempt to explain the Epic's idea of a plough.
Our pipe's true enjoyment is spoilt by employment in lecture or essay or prose,
And we long for the time when the one o'clock chime brings a fleeting relief from our woes.

Our pupils we urge from their dreams to emerge, and to offer us immature lore.
We recall to their mind with compassion resigned facts we told them a fortnight before.
Our faces grow haggard with spurring the laggard; research is our constant delight
(Despite the professor our earnest aggressor), but we're bound to postpone it till night.

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With relief like to Judas', which yearly
ensued as he passed one whole day
mid the ice,
We hail our release with the morning's
decease, and our lunch polish off in
a trice.
With racket in hand, a toil-weary band,
recreation we seek in the Parks,
Where the pit-pat of balls and our eloquent
calls blend cheerly with carolling
larks.

But—O Eros! ὦ τᾶν, ἀνίκατε μάχαν, thou
art all very well in thy place;
But thou yieldest to cries of an angry sur-
prise when we find ourselves beat in
the race,
In the race for the court ('tis our sole hope
of sport), 'gainst justice and δίκη and
lex,
(Why their wanton delay to so late in the
day?) by those of the opposite sex.

RESPONDENT NYMPHAE

Singles or doubles, play
Lasts us a happy day,
Rules bind us never.

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Have we not paid our fee?
Who would exclude us, he
May chide our mockery,
 But play we ever.

Slowly mounts up our score?
Serve we one set the more.
 Two hours vanish.
Play we our merry game,
Heedless of praise or shame;
Why should we merit blame
 If men we banish?

Mornings we better spare?
Pray, how of this aware,
 Men, dull and heedless?
What! Shall we reckless, one
Leave household tasks undone,
One, marketing begun?
 Protest? 'Tis redeless.

IMPLORANT OMNES

O thou who rulest the affairs of men!
 O Treasurer, benign, considerate, immune
From protests save which now inspire the pen,
 Hearken, and grant us one desired boon!

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Time was we lived in amity, when erst
On ampler fields sweet harmony did reign.
Restore us draughts of bliss for which we thirst.
Give us that lost fifth tennis-court again!

So shall foul Anger flee the peaceful mead;
Plenty with horn full-charged our joy restore;
Dark Tartarus' brood of Envy fast recede;
And Phyllis sport with Corydon once more.

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FREE TRADE IN ARCADY

TWO cities existed in Arcady, two cities of fair renown,
Which differed on questions of high concern, as the wearing of cap and of gown.
And though both fed students (or used to feed) on useless classical foods,
They could not agree on the Import trade of Professorial goods.

Now both had a certain excess of supply, and one had a tariff wall
Which prevented the import of similar wares from the neighbouring city at all.
So it dumped its surplus merrily down on the other's gratified shore,
And gaily turned to the pleasant employ of manufacturing more.

"We hold," said the others, the Free Trade folk, "the Consumers are all who matter;

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The more we devour the imported stuff,
the wiser we grow and fatter.
If prices are low for the native crop, that
leaves us more money, you see,
To spend on enticing the dumped produce
from the generous Cam countrie."

And, being a logical folk of a sort, they
were much disappointed to find
That the Free Trade argument failed to
appeal to the local Producer's mind.
"'Tis the best of all possible worlds,"
said they, "when Reciprocity's dead,
Since you take all the goods they have to
send, and send them nothing instead.

"Let us favour Research as much as you
please, but don't let it be home-grown:
We know its quality far too well, and it
always must be our own."
But when the Producer had perished of
want, they mourned with puzzled
vexation
To find Consumers had vanished as well,
and nothing was left of their nation.

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THE DISTRESSED "HELLENIST"

(AFTER THE VOTE ON "COMPULSORY GREEK")

O VOTE of mine, O little vote,
To think that thou didst matter!
That on thee it depended if
Reform we make or shatter!

Shade of maligned Heraclĭtus
Take Science' benediction,
Not mine: for flux now threatens us
With never ceasing friction.

And thou, my Vote, must answer for
The thought of desperation—
We spend *another* afternoon
Pent up in Convocation!

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THE ANCIENT MARINER

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one in glee.
"Nay, prithee, I have ladyes fair
That wait at the Barge for me!

"The Barges' gates are opened wide,
The races do begin;
The shouters run, Tims fires the gun:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was an Eight," quoth he.
He stayed, as Undergraduate when
The Proctor gryppeth he.

"'Twas Whitsuntide," he cried full shrill,
"And I the Eight did steer—"
The Undergraduate beat his breast,
For the cheers they sounded near.

The Ladyes fret beside the Barge,
"Now, Jack, where *can* he be?"
There's none to guide the erring punt,
Nor forage round for tea.

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"The mob was here, the mob was there,
The mob was all around:
It yell'd and growl'd and roar'd and howl'd,
Like Trippers when they bound.

"In gig and vast unwieldy ark,
In steamer and canoe,
Toynbee's afloat in his rowing-boat,
And cox must steer us through!

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The others followed free;
We were the first that had to burst
Into that crowded sea.

"The helmsman steered, the crew rowed on,
Yet never a tripper cares.
The runners all 'gan shout aloud
With megaphonic prayers,
The rattles seem aquick with life,
The cox all ghastly swears.

"If he may know which way to go,
He all his stars would thank;
He hears and in his soul discerns
Two voices on the bank.

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First Voice:

"'But why drives on that boat so fast,
Without a way to find?'

Second Voice:

"'The track is cut away before,
But foes are close behind.'

"The crew came closer to the press,
The cox nor spake nor stirred,
For imprecations had consumed
His last remaining word.
The crew came close upon the crowd,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Over the water it rumbled on
Still louder and more dread,
The Eight had reached, the Eight had crashed;
The Eight went down like lead.

"One after one the rowers sank,
Too breathed for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a glaring scowl
And cursed cox with his eye."

.

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What sudden cause of loud applause?
The crew, it triumphs there;
And on the College Barge the men
And ladies singing are.
Alone he stands, antique, forlorn,
That Ancient Mariner.

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SUMMER TERM

I KEEP his lecture? Only fools
 Would care attend such stuff,
That won't pay largely in the Schools,
 So isn't good enough.
My tutor labours heavily
 At Tacitus his *Annals*,
And thinks to find an audience, when
 We're all of us in flannels!

Last night Bridge kept me up past One;
 My essay's still unfinished—
In fact, it's really not begun,
 And time is much diminished.
My People come to see the Eights
 (I failed in being firm);
Now, reasonably, this checkmates
 All further work this Term.

Shall I indite to him a note—
 "Dear Sir, I much regret
That, owing to a bad sore throat—"
 (I haven't used that yet)?

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But no! on second thoughts I'll say
No word, but cut the rotter.
I'm in hot water every day;
It can't get any hotter.

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THE SUB-RECTOR

HE is made for the giving of "Leave,"
And for stopping of rows—if he can;
The first is some use, we believe:
The second—unworthy a man!

As Gods once descended on earth
Bringing mortals or blessing or bane,
And, finished their anger or mirth,
Why—then they ascended again:

So, when some melodious shout
Evokes the approach that we dread,
Why—when *all* the lights are put out,
And when he has gone back to bed,——

He is made for the giving of "Leave"
(There's a trifle of use in the man);
As for stopping of rows, we conceive,
He may stop them, he may, *if* he can.

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THE LAST VAC. TOGETHER

(The Greats' man to his Plato—*loquitur*.)

I

I SAID—Then, Master, though 'tis so,
Though now at length my fate I know,
Though nothing all thy words avail
To save whom Tutors doom to fail
(Since Thou hast written, this needs must be)—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name, who give me this distress!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Scarcely a memory of the same,—
And this beside, lest the College blame,
Your leave for one more last Vac. with me.

.

V

Fail I alone, in books or prose?
Why, all men write, nor any knows.
I read; it seemed my interest flew
To other subjects, pastimes new,

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As the days sped on with little heed.
I thought,—All labour, yet no less
Meet with a common unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with their hopeful past!
I hoped I should know him; one last read!

.

VII

What *does* it all mean, Plato? Well,
Your brains perceive some sense, you tell
What I feel only, unexpressed,
The Idea, the Beautiful, the Best;
I write them down duly, side by side.
'Tis something, yet not much: but then
Have you no mercy on fourth-year men?
Are you, obsolete, past this long time,
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than I who have never cared a dime?
What? Thinking's a joy? For me, denied!

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TO THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY

WHAT, Sir! No sanction for morality? Despair?
Why, we are bless'd with scores of 'em these latter days.
Imprimis—have a fling at Origin;—Have care!
You spell it with an "i," not "e": that ancient craze
For Fathers o' the Church is long since laid to rest.
"So are your Savages!" I hear you, Sir, aright?
Per contra: 'Twas but yesterday a scholar's zest,
Tracking th' Australian native to his lair (rare sight!),
Gave us a round score novel fetishes: these few,
For instance, if you mark me . . .
.
You nod your head in grave approval, eyes half shut
In marvel at the mysteries of savage code.

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Take now the Arunta Grublets (Totem name): *they* glut
Their weird and pleasing frenzy quaintly *à la mode*
As follows:—What! So late! Why, bless me, how time flies!
I heard the dinner bell a while ago. But, say,
Methinks you see why murder, incest, rape, and lies,
For us are rightly out o' fashion? So, Good Day!

(*From "The Stapleton Magazine."*)

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MAGNA RATESQUE CANO

Cantant

IF we frame new regulations and post-
pone examinations
To a period which will neatly and pre-
cisely coincide
With the stress of things aquatic, we may
gladly and emphatic-
Ally hope to save our scholar from *that*
mental suicide.

Respondent

If he trains while he is cramming, then
there can't be any shamming,
And his day from idle loafing we shall
splendidly retrieve:
Up to five he's writing papers, and he
can't be cutting capers
When he's rowing on the river in the cold
and dewy eve.

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Cantant iterum

If we ask him for his knowledge *ere* the
tender budding foliage
Has expanded to entrance the eager visitor
from Town,
We may hope no silly scruple will induce
our willing pupil
To sacrifice his study to a boat that may
go down.

Etiam respondent

As the merit is but chancy of his wilder
flights of fancy
When the scholar's out of training in the
leafy days of June,
So the chops-and-lettuce diet and the stolid
night of quiet
Will harmonise his answers to a peaceful
placid tune.

Dissentientes consentiunt

Though we radically quarrel if the sere
and yellow laurel
Of the Schools should be awarded to the
scholar who can row,

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Or to him who knows not whether, when
an oar is on the feather,
It should wave above the surface or be
buried deep below;

And though some prefer him ruddy, and
the others pale with study,
We will join to save our scholar from the
present snare of Eights.
When no longer Sirens beckon, we shall
confidently reckon
On prodigious and remarkable perform-
ances in Greats.

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BALLAD OF THE BLUE COLLAR

OF all the inventions
Which claim our attentions
The latest produced for our use
Is the collar of blue
Or caerulean hue,
Whose charms I proceed to adduce.

There are checks on our freedom
—Mere despots decreed 'em—
Of curses provocative deep;
But worst is the knell
Of the resonant bell
Which drags us reluctant from sleep.

In days that are vanished
The collar now banished
Delayed to the Chapel our haste;
Though our mood were serene
The demands of the Dean
Induced many words of ill taste.

When the world was a-shiver,
And frozen the river,

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And we leapt the last moment from bed,
The collar of white
Mocked our desperate plight,
And the stud flew in pieces instead.

Now in temper religious
And comfort prodigious
We pass from the day to the night,
From the night to the day,
In a fair disarray
That can't the most timid affright.

This work of the dyer,
Suggestive of Tyre,
If as yet not quite chic in the Mall,
Makes a splendid impression
When reading the lesson,
And is equally gorgeous in Hall.

It lends to pyjamas
A flavour of Lamas
(Not Tibetan, I mean, but of down),
And is clearly *the* collar
Devised for the scholar,
When added to surplice or gown.

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If azure should weary,
An earnest and seri-
Ous effort of mind we apply;
Hence the delicate pink
Or the saffron, we think,
Adds a *soupçon* of charm to the High.

But one apprehension
Is left me to mention—
Should our Dons, in their love for the Blue,
Dare to copy our way,
I fear we must say
To our collars of purple, Adieu.

Despairing, protesting
At Fate us molesting,
We then must revert to the days
When the collar of blue
Or caerulean hue
Not yet had inspired these lays.

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UNSYMPATHETIC

HE saw the Tub still whirling with
Its usual mad gyration,
The oarsman pained, as who orates
And mangles his quotation.

He heard wild shouts in alien tongues
Emerging from a squash;
It seemed his kin across the seas
Used words resembling—bosh.

Once more the ruddy autumn hues
Were nothing to the blazers
Of youths who'd bought the whole concern,
Yet knew no use for razors.

"Surely," he cried, "my *Magazine*,
The friend of hoary years ago,
Will also cleave to ancient jests
Like 'Pes et Dux' and 'Heres ago':

"Though others strike the ramping lyre
In *Chronicle* and *Daily Mail*,
Demanding of the Cockney if
An Oxford can digest a Yale:

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"Yet *Magazine* and dear *Gazette*
Will follow still the old-fashioned ways,
Nor seek their wits to prostitute
By poems on the new Rhodes-craze,

"Nor mid their notices insert
'X special care and pains bestows
On youths Rhodesian—extra, please.'
(Though that they need it Heaven knows!")

He oped; he read; then fled distraught
To yon historic fir-crowned hill;
There in sweet solitude to dream
That Oxford could be Oxford still.

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JUNE LETTERS

I. To Phyllis

THE Schools approach! a word of woe
Reducing to despair
Those who are not so well prepared
As once they thought they were.

This time a happy twelvemonth back
I punted on the Cher.
Phyllis, you too were in the punt,
No third was there to mar.

A year is gone? How may it be?
It seems but yesterday
Since you and I stood on the Barge
And watched the oarsmen play.

And still they play! Ay—there's the rub—
And still they punt in glee.
These dear delights of other days
No longer are for me.

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For me no sportive childhood spent
In philosophic lore
Has guided to a blest old age
That knoweth all—and more.

For me no gluttonous appetite
For knowledge' boundless span
Will sate the curst inquiries
Of M-r-tt or M-c-n.

2. From Phyllis

"Thou at length, methinks, discernest
Life is genuine and earnest":
So once sang the noble poet by the banks of Swanee stream;
There where none have idle neighbours,
But all pant in strenuous labours;
While *you* lounge by silver Isis mourning o'er a vanished dream.

There's a man in Robert Browning,
(Pray cessate that angry frowning.
If the one of us reads Browning, why should not the other too?)
Whose whole soul was wrapt in learning—

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What though youth sped sans discerning?
Him they buried on a hill-top where the kite and falcon flew.

But I don't much think the knowledge
That you've lately won at College
(Is it seven months you've studied since the Long has run its course?)
Has ensnared *you* into dismal
Depths of learning so abysmal,
And it's lucky that the *Class List* is not quite your sole resource.

3. To Phyllis

O very well!—if now you choose
To mock and not console
A man who's really in the Blues,
I warrant *I*'m heart-whole.
I thought to gain at least from you
A sympathetic sigh.
Now, Greats may go to—Timbuctoo,
No rap I care, not I!

You and your Browning! Fine display!
A bigger ass ne'er brayed.
Give *me* the dear *Domum servavit-Lanam-fecit* maid.

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So Greats may go to—Jericho,
And I am for the Cher;
And what's the good of cramming, O,
Since you are—what you are?

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ON A READING-PARTY

I

FOUR wanderers one Sabbath day
Sate in a streamlet's bed;
The grouse-cock gurgled by their side,
The plover shrieked o'erhead.
The green ooze dripped from off their boots
As treacle runs through dough.
With failing breath and glazing eyes
They sang a chant of woe:

"There's a thing which we henceforth abjure,
Despite our pedestrian zeal,
And that's a short cut by the moor
With never the glimpse of a meal.

"As boulders from crags wildly tossed
Leap down with precipitate glee,
To plunge in a marsh and be lost—
So shattered and desolate we!"

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II

Four wanderers that Sabbath day,
They laid them down and died.
The heather nodded at their feet;
The peewits sobbed and cried.
The wind it wailed full drearily;
The sheep they bleated sair;
The haunting echoes of a dirge
Float on the moorland air:

"Had we a' kept a kirk o' the morn,
We ne'er had been fainting at e'en.
No tracks but conduct us forlorn
To bogs which engulf us unseen.

"No poet mourns over our grave;
Philosophy recks not our fates.
Ah better, far better, to brave
The pitiless torture of Greats!"

[*Goathland.*]

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WHEN OXFORD VISITS ITALY

WHEN Oxford visits Italy, it looks with
wondering eyes
On Galleries and gondolas and soft Italian
skies;
Here Botticelli earns a frown, the Primi-
tives a smile:
We may be keen on painting, but we can't
endure *that* style.

When Oxford visits Italy, it tramps the
country-side,
And thinks on tourist-hustled towns with
pardonable pride.
The natives stare, we're well aware, but,
Battle-sites to find,
We have to plunge into the wilds, all
English left behind.

When Oxford visits Italy, to quote it must
decline
The Georgics' apposite remarks on olive
and on vine.

Digitized by Google

But, though of Virgil shy, we make this valid observation,
That a Rugger scrum is nothing to the scene at Florence station.

When Oxford visits Italy, it comes to the conclusion
A wanderer's life is strenuous, and cleanliness delusion;
The people may be picturesque and brigandish, but still they
Are very like their railway-trains, or, in a word, are filthy.

When Oxford, home from Italy, enumerates its travels,
And, Baedeker at elbow, its erratic course unravels,
Our real delight in Italy, her glories and her grime,
Is excellently stated in "We've had a decent time."

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THE ISLAND

(A Borrowed Idea)

IN the course of my work,
Without wishing to shirk,
There are times when I'm hopelessly bored;
When the whole scheme of life,
On this planet now rife,
Seems hollow, outworn, hollow-cored;

When civilised man's
A mere blot on the plans
That by Nature were framed for his use;
All culture a curse,
Books a loathing or worse,
And existence a monstrous abuse.

Then a scheme that I've made
Peeps shy from the shade
Where it lurks from a common-sense day.
A Republic of Man
Is the heart of the plan,
To inhabit an Isle far away.

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The Republic is small,
But a score, say, in all,
Of myself and my comrades-in-arms:
Who of like mind agree
From the turmoil to flee
Of civilisation's alarms.

For the Island, yes the Island,
It is my land, it is my land,
And I will not share with any save with brothers of my choice.
From the Lowland to the Highland
There is nothing like my Island,
Where the sea and shore and mountain, wood and loch and moor rejoice.

Our clothes shall be skins
Kept together by pins,
Or else garments we'll frankly disown.
This might be severe
In an island near here,
But we've chosen a tropical zone.

With lochs full of trout
That we lightly pull out
(No fishing a day for one rise),

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And with grouse on the moor
That runs down to our door,
Our meals will be ample in size.

No doctors, nor drink,
Nor clerics, I think,
Shall mar the serene of that isle.
If shiver *we* must
Yet our children, I trust,
At our weakness shall sturdily smile.

If a maiden too fair
The hearts should ensnare
Of two or more suitors in quest,
If she cannot decide,
He shall have her as bride
Who can guard her and fight for her best.

When we reach the ripe age
Of a time-honoured sage,
We shall cheerfully leap from some height
Of a cliff to the sea—
A death, all agree,
Of a nature Hellenic, if trite.

Should our plenty abate,
Then the yacht of the State
Shall sail for her annual cruise

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On a brief visit home,
Whence laden to come
With grain and tobacco and news.

Bright the Spring newly born,
Harvest golden with corn,
And laughter and singing and dance:
Or happy to lie
Under blue of the sky—
This *is* life a worn man to entrance.

For the Island, yes the Island,
It is my land, it is my land,
And the birds and beasts and fishes, they shall all belong to me.
From the Lowland to the Highland
You'll see nothing like my Island,
Full of song and full of sunshine, music, mirth, and melody.

O dream of my youth,
When the rigorous truth
Of a life dull, prosaic, and slow,
For a moment's respite
Could be banished from sight,
And I shut for the nonce Cicero!

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But my fancy so strange
Must be called home from rang-
Ing the land where the Poppy-sprite nods:
And I shake myself loose
From the dream, for abstruse
And impossible problems of "Mods."

Yet when whispering limes
And the faint far-off chimes,
Dimly heard through the leafage of June,
Show our holiday earned,
And our classics interned,
And ourselves with the Summer in tune:

Then shall river and mead
Of our Oxford recede,
And the Homeland of classical lore
Shall vanish from sight,—
And yonder's the white
Line of surf as it breaks on the shore!

And the sunset's ablaze
With crimson, the maize
Flashes gold to the dark of the trees;
And the scent of the pine
With the lowing of kine
Comes soft on the wings of the breeze.

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For the Island, yes the Island,
It is my land, it is my land,
And there's none may take it from me as in
dreams it rises clear.
From the Lowland to the Highland
There is nothing like my Island,
And it's nearer still and dearer, yes far dearer,
every year.

[*Arrochar.*]

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AT END OF "THE LONG"

(Loquitur Antiquus)

KEEN, sensitive, noisy, and joyous,
Impulsive, from country and town,
You gather once more to employ us,
O youth of the Gown.

You come to us crowned with School glory,
As your fathers and brothers once came,
To write a new page in our story—
And lo! 'tis the same.

Twice to ford the identical river
Is impossible, sages avow;
But the stream of *our* life runs for ever
In circles, I trow.

We knew you, your clannishness fixed, your
Likings, mislikings, or scorn,
O prejudice—loyalty mixture,
Before you were born.

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You will sit at the feet of your tutors
With the same air of boredom and pain;
But struggles for trophies and pewters
Few, few will disdain.

What! "Non semper tendit?" Cold-blooded
The poet! whom quickly he blames,
Who knows, so engrossing, so studied,
Your passion for games.

And *your* essays will weekly grow thinner,
And *your* prose a mere dog will disown:
The one scribbled roughly since dinner,
The prose,—done alone?

A careless impetuous rout, you
Will daily provoke our despair.
Yet we tend to be lonely without you
O youth of our care!

Yes, we find ourselves lonely without you,
A failing we cannot explain.
For something, elusive, about you
Makes you welcome again.

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SAPIENTIA TEMPESTIVA

[Ἅμα γὰρ τῇ τε διανοίᾳ καὶ τῷ σώματι διαπονεῖν οὐ δεῖ· τούναντίον γὰρ ἑκάτερος ἀπεργάζεσθαι πέφυκε τῶν πόνων, ἐμποδίζων ὁ μὲν τοῦ σώματος πόνος τὴν διάνοιαν, ὁ δὲ ταύτης τὸ σῶμα.—Aristotle, *Politics*, viii. 4, 9.]

THOU whom the scholar, set to pleasures new,
(Whom prose no more but essay now enthrals),
His periods colouring with a purple hue,
Stageirite calls,

Thou givest the law, and, Master, we obey.
Races are over (and we pulled our best).
Darkly the shadow falls upon the sunny day
At thy behest.

Vainly they call us to the murmuring stream,
The tumbling lasher, and the reed-fringed pools,
Of summer days a half-forgotten dream
To us in Schools.

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City of contrasts, therefore doubly dear,
Could he but see thee, he our Master wise,
And note thy sons' keen strenuous career
With wondering eyes,

To thee, methinks, he'd grant thy double joy,
Who askest them their double service loyal;
To them, at close of four brief years' employ,
Guerdon of toil.

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FOR THE WEST COUNTRY

WIND, wild wind of the west, where
the foam of the western sea
Leaps from the mane of the billows in
rapture and strength of their glee,
Bear us thy tidings of hope, with the great
glad joy of the morn
Fresh on thy forehead, the grave strong
hope for the day that is born.

Here in our City of Hope, our City of
white and of gold,
Bear to the sons of the West thy message,
which never grows old
Though the reaper Time hath reaped long
years with tireless hand,
Message of courage for youth, of labour
and love for their land.

.

Russet of marsh and black of the wrinkled
wist-wood awry,
Red of the beech where the hedge climbs
up to the wintry sky,

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Silver and white of the Dart with its dancing waters at play,—
Carry these visions to us in the burden and heat of the day.

Some of us pent in the tumult and roar of the London street,
Some enwrapped by the glare of remorseless India's heat,
By forest of far Malay, by sands of the quiet Nile,
Wind, home wind of the West, bring to us strength for a while.

.

Carry us song at the last, as the sun sinks low in the West,
The great diapason of song from the infinite Ocean at rest;
Murmur of summer's delight, of the children's rejoicing and glee,
As the ripples come slowly to land and the moon rises red o'er the lea.

Soft as the evening's peace, when the scent of the lonely moor
Steals to the shore where the harbour-light burns clearly and sure,

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Bear to the sons of the West, as far o'er
the earth they roam,
Wind, our Wind of the West, dreams of
their western home.

[*Xmas Day*, 1904.]

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THE LAST EVENING

O SUMMER eve, rest gently on these walls,
On these grey walls, and bid them our farewell.
Soft falls the night; Tower to Tower calls,
Wrapped round with silver spell.

The College slumbers, dreaming quiet dreams
For us, the children of her ancient lore.
Our joy a moment's span of her life seems,
And we return no more.

Others will fill our places here when next
Time's painting colours all the woods with gold;
Others will roam, as free and unperplex'd,
O'er Cumnor ridge and wold.

Others from drifting Eight will watch the glee
Of waters foaming over Iffley weir,
And mark the whispers of the drooping tree,
Dirge of a dying year.

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Others will share the quick exchange of thought,
Their friendly rivalry of fancy feed,
And tell anew the tale of deeds well wrought
On river and on mead.

.

Shadows pass slowly o'er the Chapel spire;
The wind sighs softly mid the ivy leaves;
Shares too the College this our vain desire,
And with our longing grieves?

As stands some mother on a lonely shore,
And at her feet the heaving sullen sea
Parts from her wistful gaze the sons she bore
And lost but yesterday:

The castl'd clouds frown heavy in the west;
The sea-bird shrill her sad complaining makes;
The fretting wave, with far-flung tasselled crest,
In surge unpitying breaks:

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Or as when lurid shaft of ruddy light
Strikes broad athwart the desert's answering glow,
The pilgrims quit their bourne of yester night
And slow their road pursue.

.

Nay! Though she welcome others in our stead,
Our College, stronger as long years recede
Which link us living to her noble dead,
Bids us with hope Godspeed.

.

O Summer eve, rest gently on these walls,
These ancient walls, to which we bid farewell.
The love we render, whatso'er befalls,
Not ours in word to tell!

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THE "UNFINISHED SYMPHONY"

DESIRE dies unsatisfied, and we,
At rest the throbbing of that troubled heart,
Turn to the strife again to play our part
Half sorrowful, as sinks the melody.

Perchance the path of suffering he trod
Hath freed the Master from his restless fears;
And he, at peace from longing's fret, now hears
The strain's completing at the throne of God.

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OXFORD

WHAT did we seek in the days that are long gone by?
Friendship of heart with heart, and joy in the battle cry:
Service in Church and in State, in our poverty toiling for bread:
Such was the life we lived in the days that are long since dead.

What did we seek in the days that but lately are past?
Service of God in His Church, if His Church could be found at last:
Rubbing of Creed with Creed till Truth should shine to the light:
Such were the dreams we dreamed in days newly passed into night.

What are the dreams we dream in the stress of the life of the hour?
Knowledge enlarging its span, and Thought's invincible power:

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Freedom embracing the world, and
Authority bowed to the door:
And Wealth giving strenuous heed to the
clamant prayer of the poor.

.

Oxford, thy sons will serve thee with love
and with honour for aye:
Though we pass as the foam of the waves
by the west wind hurried away,
Friendship and Service are true, and Know-
ledge and Worship abide.
God bring us all to His haven beyond the
sundering tide!

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"From gay to grave," you plead: "from lively to severe"?
But what, suppose 'twere asked, are both these doing *here*?
"Were not the one enough, the mournful *or* the gay"?
How if 'twere better still that *both* should be away?

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